

# THE REGISTER



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# The Register

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Register staff remains obediently yours.



## E SELLA CURULI

### The Duty of the Press

The Greater Boston Press Conference was sponsored by Northeastern University for the purpose of "improving secondary school journalistic practice to the ultimate advantage of college publications." There was, however, a much deeper purpose, perhaps not even evident to the sponsors; for many of those who were present are the journalists of the future, who will wield the chief weapon in defense of or attack on democracy, the written word.

Certainly the improvement of the school paper is only temporary as far as the individual staff member is concerned. He won't be connected with that publication for a very long time. But, of those present, some, even of our own *Register* staff, will in the future reflect the speech of the man who, on January 14, was judged by our delegation (and very noticeably, too, by the other delegations in their applause) to be the best speaker of the day. That man was Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, the young publisher of *The Transcript*. His subject proved his fitness to be a man of influence over the public's thinking—for that is just what the publisher of a modern newspaper is.

Mr. O'Brien pointed out to the group the temptation which confronts publishers to include in the reporting of facts one's personal views. This coloring of the news, he said, is popular both because it does the reader's thinking for him, and because it makes the bare facts more palatable. *Time Magazine's* popularity is an example. The opinionated newspapers of France show the results of such a policy's being employed through all forms of journalism. There, where every newspaper includes opinions in its reporting of the news, the attainment of the unadulterated truth is impossible. On the other hand, the American system of confining interpretation of the news to the Editorial page gives the reader assurance that what he finds elsewhere is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Therein lies Mr. O'Brien's hope for liberty fostered, not undermined, by freedom of the press.

More than the few of us who are to be journalists can profit from Mr. O'Brien's words, if, when the fate of the nation rests in our hands, as it soon will, we insist that the newspapers we read tell us where facts end and fiction begins.

Jack Lewinson, '39

# New Scholarship

Two years ago, the beloved Patrick T. Campbell died. His long association with Latin School and later as Superintendent of Schools earned him the admiring recognition of the leading educators of the nation. In order to perpetuate the memory of a man who contributed so much to the cause of education, a committee has been formed to establish a scholarship in memory of "Pat" Campbell.

The chairman of the committee is the Honorable Joseph P. Kennedy, '08. Mr. Lee J. Dunn, the librarian of the school, is secretary-treasurer. The goal has been set at \$15,000.

The scholarship will be for one year at the college which the recipient chooses. It will be awarded for scholarship, personality, leadership, loyalty, and school spirit.

A general Alumni Dinner will be held on February 20, 1939, at the Hotel Statler, at which Ambassador Kennedy will be the principal speaker. It is hoped this will be a Victory Dinner.

The memory of Patrick T. Campbell will be forever preserved in this fitting memorial to a great teacher and an able administrator.

*The Editor.*

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## In Memoriam

HERBERT BERTRAM ROSENBOOM, ROOM 207

1924 - 1939

WHO DIED AS A RESULT OF ACCIDENT JANUARY 30TH.  
HIS MASTERS AND HIS CLASSMATES EXTEND TO HIS  
FAMILY

THEIR DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

# For Latin School

By Harold T. Coffin, '41



J. CAESAR  
IMPERATOR

Caesar sat in his tent, sucking his thumb in perplexity. Before him was his daily report to the Senate. He was perplexed because he didn't know what to write about. Of course, he could describe the scenery; but the Senate wasn't interested in that. His enemies would accuse him of trying to drum up trade for a winter resort he might be planning. There were no battles, because the people were friendly. Just then an orderly, or, as he was called, a *legatus*, rushed into the tent and deposited a portable typewriter on the table.

"Say, what's that for?" cried Caesar. "Caesar didn't order that!"

"No, Imperator," replied the *legatus*, "but D'Ooge and Eastman did. They say they can't read your stuff in time to get it to press. Also they say they want more output from you—Latin School's almost finished the first book!"

"They drive Caesar to death!" stormed the unlucky man. "Some day the worm'll turn. Those guys think they're pretty important, don't they? Caesar has a good mind to tell them go chase themselves!" The *legatus* prayed silently at this blasphemy.

"Be careful, I entreat thee, O Imperator, is(m.)! Any other publishing company blasphemy, but not, I beg thee, sire, D'Ooge and Eastman, sole suppliers of Boston Latin School's *Caesar's Gallic Wars!*

If D'Ooge and Eastman should cut you loose, Imperator, we should all perish."

"True, true," agreed Caesar, moodily changing a clause to the ablative absolute: "Through their contract with Boston Latin School, they brandish the whip-hand over Caesar. But Caesar can't write anything right now; so how is Caesar going to step-up Caesar's output?" There was a long silence. Suddenly Labienus, Caesar's friend, entered the tent with an impediment.

"Hello, J. C.!" he sang out. "I hear you're in a little trouble. Say, I can fix you right up. Say, I hear there's a tribune-ship open back at the urbs—  
tion to Caesar's problem!"

"You can be consul if you find the solu-

"Well, why don't you try a little sea voyage? Say a nice little invasion of Britain. It would do you a world of good, and you could write a travelogue on the way to keep D'Ooge and Eastman satisfied. We could have a keen time chasing Britons! You could give out that they sent help over to the Gauls, and you're going across to teach them a lesson. Besides, the boys haven't heard Big Ben strike, and they shouldn't miss that experience . . . what do you say?"

"By Jove, you're right!" cried Caesar. "The very thing. Let's see—Caesar's got Caesar's little *Pocket Guide to London*

right here.—A descriptions of the place is in order, then an account of how the inhabitants dressed—” He hummed happily as he pounded the keys of the typewriter. “For Latin School!” he muttered.

\* \* \*

“Well,” said D’Ooge, “J. C.’s stuff is coming out pretty fast now. I guess that typewriter gag was a pretty good idea. We’re getting the stuff so fast now that we’re two books ahead of Latin School. We ought to make our fortune at this rate, what?” But Eastman looked gloomy.

“Things haven’t been so good as you think,” he said.

“What do you mean?” cried the other. “His stuff has almost deluged us—more and better, too! Why, those kids in the Fourth Class ought to be just eating up that Invasion of Britain! It’s a natural!” Eastman shook his head.

“It’s a natural, all right,” he said; “but they aren’t eating it up over at Latin School. The truth is that the poor kids are just about crazy, figuring that stuff out. They say they have to spend more time on Latin than all the other studies put together. They’re taking ancient history, and they scream when they hear Caesar’s name mentioned. The history teachers are worried; they’ve sent us several notes, asking us if we can’t put the stuff into English. Of course we can’t. Now that Caesar’s emperor, we’ve had to up his pay, bow down to him. He can make us do anything he wants. And he’s got such a swell-head now, he won’t stop writing about himself. He isn’t as he used to be—quiet and reticent about sending us material. He’s got to publish the stuff he writes; so he picks on us. He makes us send it to Latin School. Latin School can’t stop him; and if those kids have to keep on reading those books, there’s going to be a mass break-down. And pouf! there goes your Latin School!”

“And our jobs!” moaned D’Ooge. “Look at this!” he cried, holding out two

typewritten pages. “All one sentence! He used to be satisfied with concise sentences; but since he’s become emperor, his average sentence is ten lines long and has every kind of construction there is, especially subjunctives and relative pronouns.”

“He’s jealous of Cicero; that’s what it is,” said Eastman. “He sees if he can’t out-pronoun him, and he gets some pretty messes. WE’VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, D’Ooge!!!” he cried, shaking his partner by the shoulders.

“Say, I’ve got an idea!” shouted O’Ooge. “Listen, let’s send for Labienus. He did pretty well in persuading Caesar he ought to invade Britain.—That was a good idea of yours, Eastman—and he might be able to do something this time. My plan is pretty risky, but I think I can work it. It works this way: we get Labienus to stir up Caesar’s enemies to plot against him, and then—”

“Ass-assassinate him!” breathed Eastman. “If we fail, it is our heads! And Latin School will be no better off even if he does not drag them into his revenge!”

“It is a bold step, I know,” agreed D’Ooge, “but our only hope.” Just then Labienus burst into the Sanctum with an impediment.

“Hello, B. D. and F. E.!” he sang out. “When I got your telegram, I grabbed a plane and hopped right over here! What’s the trouble? Your message sounded pretty urgent.” They explained the situation to him. He shook his head.

“The only trouble is that the boys are so afraid of Caesar that they wouldn’t dare start even a conspiracy, much less an assassination. Why, I saw Cassius the other day—he’s gained weight by the way—and he said things were hopeless. Caesar’s too powerful. Why, if Cassius won’t do it, who will?”

“Say! *Eureka!* Or rather, *je l’ai trouvé!* I mean I’ve got the idea!” cried Eastman. “Do you guys remember Brutus?” There was a chorus to the affirma-

tive. "I just remembered that he's an old grad of Latin School! When Latin School was young—about 99 B. C. Do you guys get the signif?"

"It is said that an Old Grad of Latin School will stop at nothing when it comes to doing the old school a favor!" they cried jubilantly. "We are saved! D'Ooge and Eastman will still be the best suppliers of Latin School! Latin School shall live on! Away on your mission, Labienus; and don't forget — FOR LATIN SCHOOL!!!" Labienus shouldered his impediment; but before he could leave, D'Ooge had another idea.

"Labienus, as an old member of the corporation and as a major stock-holder, we commission you to be present at Caesar's assassination, and bring us back the news—the minute it happens! We'll hold all the wires open for you! It will be another scoop for D'Ooge and Eastman!"

The Senate was filled with notables. There sat Cassius; there, Brutus; and there, Labienus, with a press badge in his cap. And *there*, on the dais above them all sat Caius Julius Caesar, Imperator of Rome and the World!

"Caesar calls the meeting to order!" he cried, adjusting his wreath.

"O mighty Imperator," cried Brutus,

"Cassius and I have a measure we should like you to approve." Caesar nodded his head magnanimously.

"Anything for the two dearest, truest friends a man ever had!" he said. Labienus wet his pencil and began writing furiously in his notebook. Brutus, pale of face, and Cassius, leaner than usual, approached the Imperator with paper and stylus. Several other senators followed. Brutus pushed the papyrus under Caesar's nose. Then, as he looked at it, they fell upon him! Stabbed in a score of places by the treacherous styluses of the senators, the Imperator staggered to the statue of Pompey, fighting them off. There Brutus stabbed him. A hurt look crossed the imperator's face.

"Et tu, Brute?" he asked.

"Forgive me, oh, Caesar. But it is all for Latin School!" explained Brutus.

The Imperator's face became serene. "For Latin School? It is good then. Caesar used to go to Latin School, but they flunked him out in the third class. Latin, Caesar believes it was. But there is nothing an old grad will not do for the school. If it is for Latin School, Brute, it is forgiven you. I die happily—for Latin School." And with that mighty Caesar covered his face with his toga and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue.

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## The Miracle

Stanley H. Davis, '39

Strange, those funny little marks  
That men so deftly scrawl,  
But stranger yet, the fact  
That we understand them all.  
A miracle deep to write in words  
The million sounds we hear,

But stranger, yet, that from the chaos,  
Order and reason appear.  
The thoughts of a man in a distant land  
Are brought, in symbols black on white,  
But we think not of the source—  
The PEN,—its glory and might.

# *The Old Lady and the Little Brown Dog*

*Harold T. Coffin, '41*

## I.

The neighbors said that The Queen of the Castle was ill. They were like all neighbors—very keen-eyed and quick to notice anything that went wrong with other people. They were specially quick to notice if anything went wrong with old Mrs. Quincey. She was The Queen of the Castle. The Castle was a huge mansion, surrounded by emerald lawns, built of grey stone. Mrs. Quincey was The Queen because she ruled firmly over her castle, all alone. Her relatives were so afraid of her crotchettiness that they would not share her castle with her. When the neighbors tried to make advances to her, she repelled them. They did not dare to insult her, because she owned almost all the real estate in town. Her immediate neighbors watched her fearfully, and reported each tiny item to the others. Everybody was eager to seize any crumb of information about her because they did not like her—even if they had never met her. She was said to have a heart of stone.

The neighbors knew Mrs. Quincey was

sick because they saw her doctor's car in the drive, and the house was darkened in the daytime, and at night light gleamed from an upper-story window. Also her relatives were constantly driving in and out of the yard. Secretly every one hoped that the old lady would die. They felt that at any moment she might confiscate all their homes. For she was so cruel and stony-hearted that she might take it into her head to evict people just to amuse herself and show off her power.

But old Mrs. Quincey got better. The shades were up in the daytime now, and the relatives and the doctor stopped coming. Only a trained nurse remained with Mrs. Quincey. The old lady could be seen being pushed around her garden by the trained nurse. The Queen of the Castle was getting better, and the townsfolk were secretly sorry.

One day the "town drunk's" dog littered. When the pups were old enough to run about, the "town drunk" found that they seriously interfered with his activities in two ways: they were three in number, and two got along well, but were always fighting with the third, and they were fighting in the daytime and disturbing his sleep, and at night they were always causing him to be put out of the saloon. So he decided that since he could not keep them from following him, he would have to dispose of the third one. One of his acquaintances, while the little group was mulling over the grave situation, hit upon the splendid idea of giving it to old Mrs. Quincey. The suggestion received unanimous approval. That night they forced open a cellar window of the Castle, and the bewildered third puppy found himself in the dark cellar.

The next morning he was discovered by the trained nurse, who brought him by the scruff of the neck to old Mrs. Quincey.



"I expect, madam," said the trained nurse, "that you will have the flea-ridden mongrel set loose, but before you do so, I feel it my duty to tell you that this is one of Ezra Pinda's dogs, and no doubt one of his practical jokes. Therefore, I should advise you to keep it. Thereby you shall be giving that inebriate no chance to enjoy his joke—for he and his friends no doubt expect you to return it drawn and quartered." Here the puppy wagged his tail violently.

Old Mrs. Quincey was moved to keep the puppy. All that previous night had been spent in sleeplessness—for the first time in her life she had felt self-pity. No one loved her. The villagers were afraid of her, hated her—the sending of the puppy had proved their desire to hurt her. Her relatives only came when she was sick, so that they might not spoil their chances in her will. For years on end they had left her alone—sending an occasional letter. But when she had had her heart-attack, they had all flocked like vultures to her side. It was really amusing how each separate head of a house would seek her out by her bedside when she was alone, and try to ingratiate himself with her. Of course, none cared a whit for her, it was only for her fortune.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I think I will keep him, nurse. I need company. Give him a bath, and then send him in to me." The puppy looked mournfully at her as he was being carried out. "Oh, I forgot," she said, her voice softening; "he'll no doubt want some of that hamburg, or a bone—" . . .

During the next two months the neighbors noticed a change in Mrs. Quincey. She once in a while came down to The Center to shop—for hamburg steak, milk, eggs, bones! Of course, they knew it was for the dog, but why should she bother so much about a mere brown little mongrel? Why should she even have kept it? To those who ventured the courteous inquiries after her illness, Mrs. Quincey was affable and pleasant. All the time,

of course, she was in her wheel chair, but she seemed *younger*. From the real estate office came the news that Mrs. Quincey was releasing one by one the mortgages which she held over the heads of the helplessly poor and extending time indefinitely to those who were hard-pressed for funds. What had worked the amazing transformation?

A little brown dog had accomplished the transformation. Slowly, he had crept into the old lady's heart. He and she would tour the immense grounds—half of which Mrs. Quincey had never passed over before—he running gleefully ahead, barking at birds and strange stirrings in the grass or brush, she being pushed after him by the faithful nurse. Every once in a while he would look back, reverse his direction, and bound about the wheel chair.

In the mansion the old lady would direct his schedule wisely and well. Though she would have loved to pet him and stuff him with sweets, she knew that that was bad for him. Really loving him, not liking him merely for his "cutisms" and engaging head-hangings, she made herself see to it that he was not indulged, but was trained to a hardy fitness. She knew that he must spend most of his time out of doors, even though this might mean his running away. She would be lost then, she would be alone. That danger thoughts. But the little brown dog always came back and rushed to greet his mistress. There was a bond of love between the old lady and the little brown dog, born a tramp, but bred a gentleman.

Being far happier than she had been in many years, Mrs. Quincey was able to feel more tolerant toward the village folk. She realized that she would never live to spend a quarter of the money she had; and so she began, one by one, to release her tenants from their debts to her.

One thing there was, however, which she could not forgive. That was her desertion by her relatives. She had been glad when she was sick—then the great

house had been full of people, and she was not lonely. But as soon as she showed signs of recovering, they had dashed off. She had wanted to beg them to come back, but she was too proud. The little brown dog came streaking across the grass of the front lawn, and pushing open his unlatched screen door, streaked on through the house.

A chill thought struck old Mrs. Quincey. When she died, what would happen? She knew that she could not outlive that little brown dynamo with the soulful black eyes . . . what would happen to him then? The house undoubtedly would be swarming with relatives, he would have to fend for himself. Would he be able? All her relatives were hard-hearted, loveless things, they would certainly not take care of him, even Harry and Della, who had four youngsters. . . . Unless—

## II.

The relatives were in conclave. They were all there, except Harry and Della's family. The relatives were serious and indignant.

"Why, she's gone potty, absolutely gone!" cried Elwell Quincey. "I couldn't believe it when her lawyer called me and told me that he thought I ought to know that the old lady had left all her money to Harry and Della, providing they kept *her dog*, *her dog*, mind you, at the Castle. All her fortune, on the condition that Harry and Della retain the Castle and keep up the dog in the style in which he's been accustomed. Can we help it that we haven't got kids and don't want to spend our time bringing up a dog?"

"Yes, and a mongrel pup, too," broke in Leslie Quincey. "One of the mutts Ezra Pinda had. Ezra thought it would be a good joke to give it to the old lady—and she kept it! She *is* crazy."

"Well, what are we going to do about it? We can't reason with her, because she'll only make up her mind all the more."

"Couldn't we prove her crazy?" inquired Maria Quincey, an in-law. "I know it sounds terrible and all that," she continued, conscious of her position to the family, "but who ever heard of leaving all that money to a dog?"

"Maria's got the right idea," said Elwell. "Everybody here's got to admit he's wasted no love on the old woman. If we try to prove her crazy, we'd be just following the ordinary course of relatives who don't want to see good money wasted."

"Just a minute, Elwell," interposed John Blackstone, "I'm really a very distant relative of the old lady, and I don't feel very free to follow the suggested procedure. For one thing, we don't want to anger her at us. She had her will already made out. No doubt each and every one of us was fairly treated. What made her change it? Surely we were all solicitous and pandering enough to her when she was sick, and that would only influence her towards us. She can't possibly suspect that we don't all love and worship her. That dog made her change it. She fell madly in love with him. Probably he was the only companionship she had. Now what would seem the simplest course to you?"

"Get rid of the dog!" cried Leslie. A murmur of general approval followed.

"Exactly. It is much the easier thing," said Blackstone.

"After all, it's only the village drunk's mongrel," came voices.

"You do it, John," said Elwell, "since you thought it up. I'm sure that when her fascination is taken away from her, the old lady will return to her sanity, and

remember her duty to us. We'll see that you're amply rewarded for your idea and your pains...." There was another murmur of general approval.

"What—what happens if the dog is dead? Doesn't the money go to Harry and Della just the same?" asked Leslie. Elwell shook his head.

"No, it's only on condition that they take care of the dog. And of course, if there is no dog, they can't take care of one. Her lawyer said that he felt sure came in white and shaking, muttering: "Let me alone. I don't feel so well; in fact, I feel sick. That little brown dog—cutest little thing—those pleading black eyes...." He stumbled to a couch.

At about five in the morning the phone rang. Elwell answered it, well knowing what it was about. It was Jansen, old Mrs. Quincey's lawyer.

"Hello, Elwell," he said. "Sorry to keep you from getting your sleep. But it's rather important. The will, or rather the dog—I mean the will—"

"Yes, yes, Jansen," cried Elwell, simulating she would make out another will if anything happened to the dog, or she outlived it. No doubt the first one will hold good after—"

"Well, I'm on my way," said Blackstone. "I wonder if I can get at that nurse. A little strychnine in his food might—"

"Too risky, John," interrupted Elwell; "she'd probably suspect. Besides, I hear she feeds the dog by her own hand. She's nuts about it, does everything that's best for it, lets it run all day and lets it come back when it wants to."

"Lets it run around at will, eh?" mused Blackstone. "Say, Elwell, can I get a

lump of sugar from you? And will you lend me your car?" He left, and it was several hours before he returned. He lating anger, "get to the point."

"Well, your aunt's dog was found by the road—dead. Run over by a hit-and-run driver, I suppose. What I meant to say, that of course changes the complexion of things. About the will, I mean. Of course, it won't hold good."

"Oh, say, that's too bad. The poor dog," sympathized Elwell. "Yes, I guess it will change things. Have to discard that will you were telling me about yesterday, eh? Probably revert to the first one, eh?"

"No, the first one's been definitely discarded," said Jansen queerly.

"It has? Why. I—well, I suppose, then, that she'll have to write a new one?" He could hardly keep the note of triumph from his voice.

"No," said the lawyer, in the same queer voice. "Can't you see, Elwell, that I've been trying to break the news of your aunt's death very gently?"

"What?" cried Elwell, "Dead?"

"Yes, dead. Her weak heart. She was living for that poor dog. When the fool nurse broke the news abruptly, she just—just went out. Her heart couldn't stand it. I'm sorry, Elwell."

"Oh, this is awful. Awful. Er—what about—how's the estate going to be settled? I suppose there's some law about deeding to relatives—"

"No, Elwell. That will I told you about last night—well, I didn't tell you all about it. There was a little clause there. In case the conditions she outlined were unfulfillable, the estate was to go to making a home for stray dogs."

# *Why Sports?*

Day in and day out come eminent scholars, some learned writers, or perhaps some broken-down stumble-bums attempt to impress their views upon the public in regard to sports. Men have been known to break down and cry over the time wasted by youth in athletic activities. Mother Jones spends hours in worry while her dear little Percy stars in the East Backward backfield. Little Percy may weigh 206 pounds, plus, but Mother will still worry that some brute on the opposing team may be rough with her darling. Is it worth it? Should the youth of today spend so many hours in perilous activities?

Just recently the president of Chicago University voiced his scholastic opinion in regard to sports and their evils. Professor Hutchins is the youngest college president, a man renowned in his field of study; so, certain groups are inclined to agree with his ideas. He stated that he was in favor of abolishing athletics entirely from his University. Looking over the record of Chicago for the past few years, one gets the idea that sports have already been done away with. This writer is not going to try to refute the ideas of such a learned man; we shall reserve our own opinion for ourselves and present the facts to you to decide for yourselves. Of course, much has been said and will be said on both sides.

First, let us present a few of the arguments of those in favor of sports. A young lad trying out for his first high school team is bewildered and frightened by the whole thing. Then, as he gains in ability, he gains also in confidence in himself. When presented with a momentous and important decision, he learns to make up his mind without flinching. Witness a baseball pitcher with the count "3 and 2" and the tying and winning runs on the bases, with the opponents' heaviest hitter up (this is not fiction, every pitcher

is faced with this situation numbers of times). Perhaps the man in question is a quarterback on a football team. Now think back to sometime when the team you were yelling for had the ball on the ten-yard line, fourth down, and goal to go. Remember how you turned numb with fear at what the outcome might be, while little chills ran up and down your spins? How do you think that player on the field felt with the whole decision resting upon his shoulders. Surely this practice builds up the ability to meet difficulties. Remember a little while ago there was a piece in the paper about a young football player who gave his ball, which had been given him after his team scored a victory over a traditional rival, to a young boy who was seriously ill in a hospital. As I write this, I can't seem to remember many cases of people in other walks of life giving away such coveted rewards. Of course there are many instances of people giving money and gifts to those in need, but their gifts are not of the same type and do not involve the same sacrifice as the one mentioned above.

Of course an article of this sort can not be written without mentioning the professionals. They are of a different type entirely. It may be argued that they are ruthless in the pursuit of their activities, but this statement is true only because the public demands. Honest now, just how many fans would go to see the Bruins if they "laid off the rough stuff."

But after all these arguments about building up one's ability to meet difficulties and the fact that athletics provide healthful enjoyment don't mean so very much when you come right down to it. The real thing is illustrated by that letter received from Mr. Downey. Throughout the game our boys had played against Vin Hickey just as hard as they could, so hard, in fact, that he had to be removed from the game—his last as a player for

English. The Latin team at this point, spontaneously, without urging from anyone, got together and gave him a cheer. This gesture was a good example of the feelings of the two teams. For although they played hard the feeling was one of friendship. Now, cynics will say that this is an uncommon incident and peculiar to this one sport only. In showing the fallacy of this belief, we can use an incident that happened at the Andover track meet last year. It was late in the day of a track meet that had given many thrills, but few new records. The track in the Andover cage is of ringular construction. Built along the base of the big, brick building the track is square in construction with banked corners, much different from the more common oval shaped track. The fact that the track is a hard-packed dirt one necessitates the longer type of spike. This, on the smaller indoor track, makes it extremely hazardous for the runners. It was nearing the close of the meet, and the Yale Frosh were to run against Andover in a relay race. Yale had an outstanding team last year, and they stood a good chance of breaking the track record. The two Number One men lined up, batons in hand. The Andover man jumped into the lead on the first corner and held it around the first lap, his opponent trying vainly to pass him. Then

the chance came, and the Yale man bolted past his man on a corner. But wait a minute; the Andover man is limping; he has stopped! The crowd stands up to see what is wrong. The man in blue, now nearly finished with the lap, also notices. Stopping, he runs across the middle of the track to assist his opponent. Kicking back, as he passed him, the Yale man had slashed his opponent with his long spikes. This was not a foul, and was clearly accidental. The Yale runner was absolutely free to continue his race, but he chose to stop and assist an opponent whom he had already decisively beaten. The race was later re-run, with only three men competing, the first two men not participating. Thus this man, whose identity is unknown to the writer, had forsaken the opportunity of being on a winning and record-breaking team, because he could not see fit to take advantage of an injured opponent.

How many of our great business men have showed such compassion for competitors when they ran up against an unfortunate snag? Everyday we read of evictions and foreclosures; legal, yes, human, no. After reading this you may say, "Baloney and bosh," but as for me, I'm in favor of saying, "Let's have a long yea for the team."

H. V. K.

## *The Passing Years*

The years roll by in myriad hosts,  
On fleeting wings of time,  
While up this trail of passing years  
We struggle on, and climb.

Those years are gone forever—  
They've passed us, one by one,  
And all we have to hope for now—  
The rays of the future sun.

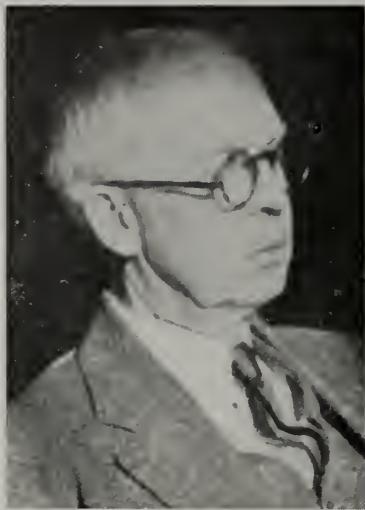
Never again shall we enjoy  
The fruit of long-past years,  
Wherein we loved, and lost, and hoped—  
When laughter changed to tears.

And my advice, in leaving now,  
Reap good from all your life;  
Be one of those, in this great world,  
Apart from greed and strife.

So once again, my parting word,  
Be loyal, and firm, and strong.  
For while you live, you'll surely find  
That good o'ercomes all wrong.

Oh you, so young, may laughing talk  
Of what I say is truth.  
But you will learn that I am right  
When you have lost your youth.

## *Our Lords and Masters*

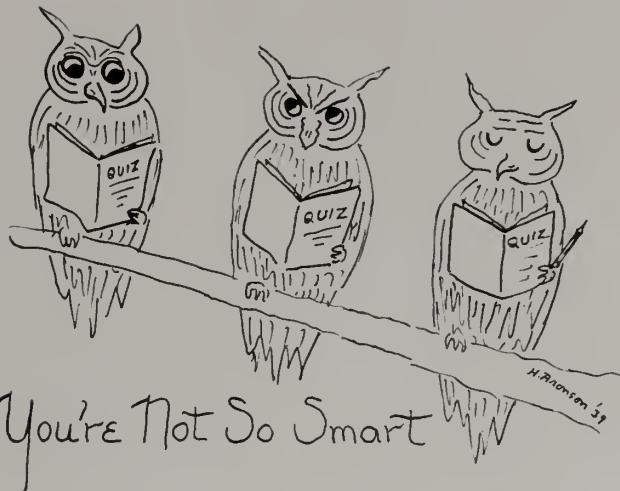


Mr. Glover teaches Latin in Room 306 . . . A.B. at Colby and A.M. at Harvard . . . came to B. L. S. in 1908 and will retire in 1941 . . . married, he has three children . . . perhaps his greatest distinction is that he gives a test in *every* class *every* day . . . travels widely . . . was an honorary member of class of '38 . . . gave a speech in Latin at the Class Banquet. . . .

Mr. Getchell, of Room 244, has been teaching German since he came here from Mechanic Arts High in 1929 . . . head of the department . . . got his A.B. at Colby . . . did graduate work at Harvard . . . married, he has three children . . . likes all forms of outdoor life and "plays golf religiously, though badly" . . . has published an English Reader used in the Boston schools . . . also stories and verse in current magazines . . . outstanding for his punctiliously systematic methods . . . born in 1876. . . .



Mr. French, of Room 333, graduated from B. L. S. in 1902 . . . played baseball here for three years—3rd base . . . also football—halfback . . . received his A.B. at Dartmouth . . . came here in 1910 to teach Latin, but now teaches history . . . married, he has five children . . . philately is his hobby. . . .



1. How many principals including Mr. Powers has B. L. S. had

32? 15? 45? 21? 17? 41?

2. Inscribed on Alma Mater's shield are the names of the boys who died in what war

Spanish War?	Revolutionary War?
War of 1812?	Civil War?
World War?	Mexican War?
Whiskey Rebellion	

3. How much is the yearly tuition for non-Bostonians at B. L. S.

\$368? \$252? \$25? \$59  
\$124? \$168? \$100?

4. How many drill companies are there in the school

11? 10? 19? 39? 17? 29?

5. When was the Boston Latin School Association founded

1799? 1840? 1844? 1798?  
1923? 1899? 1919?

6. How many stars are there on the framed flag near the office

40? 56? 22? 38? 46?  
48? 21? 23? 35?

7. What is usually the desert in the lunchroom on Mondays

Glorified rice? Jello? Bread Pudding?  
Compote des Pommes? Crème Frouettée aux Fruits? Raisin Sauce?

8. How many sports are sponsored by the school

2? 3? 6? 5? 1? 4?

9. During 1939 Mr. Powers will complete a certain number of years as principal. How many

15? 7? 9? 17? 10? 5?

10. There is a tablet facing Mr. Pennypacker's room commemorating a former headmaster. Which headmaster

Lovell? Cheever? Gould? Campbell Merrill? Pormort? Gardner? Pennypacker?

## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Dec. 19. McVeigh spoke to the Literary Club on the life and works of Conrad. He talked about Conrad because he couldn't pronounce "Korzeniowski." . . . The chess men played checkers this afternoon, too.

Dec. 20. The Ring Man paid a visit to the Library. . . . One wit had to make his two-dollar deposit in pennies. . . . Jackson was elected president of the History Club. If he made history on the football field, he'll carry the ball now through the Halls of Historical Fame.

Dec. 21. It is impossible for one person to be a French shark, a math shark, and a safe driver; or, at least, it is impossible for one person to have attended all of today's club meetings. . . .

Found—A literary ge(r)m:  
Once upon a period dreary,  
As I listened bored and weary  
To the teacher's lengthy roar,  
I came inspired to do some tapping—  
Quickly answered by a snapping,  
"Who's that knocking on the floor?"—  
Answer! is it thou, small fry?"  
Quoth the Raver: "Oh, no, not I."

Dec. 22. Stavro lectured at the Camera Club on the essentials of picture-making. We always thought them to be a camera and an allowance.

Dec. 23. Manning's excellent stage version of "A Christmas Carol" was presented at today's Christmas exercises. The boys who sit in the front corner of the hall, directly behind the piano, are complaining of stiff necks, however. They couldn't just look through it. . . . Rumor had it that his homeroom gave Mr. Winslow a box to stand on, so that he might answer the telephone, but the mysterious peace offering turned out to be a humidor. One master resented the gift of a muffler; he thought it to be a subtle (?) hint. Donlan got a hundred-dollar Christmas present, the Grinnell Award. . . . For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant we got a head start on our vacation, and did we appreciate the twelve o'clock dismissal!

Dec. 23. (Special Extra) Latin School at last has a hero: Peter Palmieri risked his life to save a drowning boy in Swede's Pond, and then disappeared before reporters could find him. Our hats are off to you, Pete.

Dec. 24. No school . . . No home-lessons . . . "No nothin'" . . .

Dec. 25-Jan. 2. Likewise.

Jan. 3. This is the first day since vacation started that we have felt like sleeping late. Why? School, of course. . . . After long consideration we have decided that the requirements for a teaching career are as follows: for a Math or Physics teacher, an answer book and a slide rule; for a Latin or Greek teacher, a set of Harrison's Handy Horses; for a French or German teacher, a tourist's guide to that language; for an English or History teacher, patience. Maybe it is that after-vacation feeling that causes this depreciation of our masters (lit. and fig.). . . . 'Twas not necessary for Coach Fitzgerald to cut down the track team. The R. C., with their customary rosy appearance, did the work for him.

Jan. 4. A certain humor-less (or should we say wit-less?) young man held

up the Greek period to ask the tardily-arriving Mr. Gardner for a late slip. His complacent chuckling ceased only when he was called on. 'Twas then the tables were turned. . . . According to our latest studies in Physics, our whispers should be one hundred times fainter when they reach the teacher than when they reach our neighbor, but we get caught just the same.

Jan. 5. Today we become serious and give credit to the Physics Club, which asks for no announcement in the bulletin and whose members are interested in the club because they are interested in Physics. They don't join to get their pictures in the Year Book. When we learned this disturbing fact, we decided to resign. . . . At a fiery staff meeting the RRR was denounced. The four Raving Reporters will meet any challenger on the field of honor at any time of his choosing. . . . It's lucky we got out early for the hockey game. If anyone was more than fifteen seconds late, he would have missed the game's only score. (See *Sports*.)

Jan. 6. An unnamed literary-minded villain saw Mr. McGuffin administer justice by way of the "mark pad," and cried manfully, "Lay on, McGuff." His motto was, of course, "The (horse-)play must go on."

Jan. 9. Barkan has informed us of this

definition from old Noah Webster: "Register—a device for emitting hot air."

Jan. 10. Phil Jackson addressed the Senior History Club on the President's message to Congress. (Wait, Mr. Marson, you don't know how big he is.) . . . Donlan and MacDonald do not see eye to eye, but each claims it is because the other is cross-eyed.

Jan. 11. Heard in the Lunch Room—

Teacher: "I don't know why you boys complain about the food here. This soup is excellent."

Pupil: "If the lady would admit it was soup, we wouldn't mind; but she insists it's coffee."

Mr. Powers just became a grandfather, and is thanking his lucky stars for the schools "No Smoking" rule. . . . Imagine having to give out 2500 cigars.

Jan. 12. Reliable sources inform us that there are but thirty-nine days or 234 periods or 9,360 minutes till the next vacation.

Jan. 13th. We see in the papers that our own Mr. Perce is going to address the D. A. R. We hope it's the Boston Latin School Chapter

Jan. 16. Sidlauskas spoke to the Literary Club on the life and works of Robert Louis Stevenson. . . . Have you read your favorite column yet—(We don't mean the "Seventh Period.")

*The Rah Rah Rah Boys*

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## Alumni Notes

King Boris of Bulgaria decorated Mr. William Paine Clarke '84 for distinguished service to the Bulgarian people. The circumstances under which Mr. Clarke, who has been in Bulgaria for thirty-two years for the American Board of Foreign

Missions, received the decoration seem to typify the humanity of the man. He was feeding a beggar when the messenger of the king called. Unaware of the messenger's identity Mr. Clarke asked him to wait!

The Seniors at Boston College voted John F. X. Gaguin '35 the member of their class the most likely to succeed in life. He is president of the Cross and Crown Society and of the Fulton Debating Society. On the lighter side, "Gene" MacAuliffe '35 was chosen class "heart-breaker." George Lyons '35 was named "social lion."

Everett Burlando '38 qualified as an expert marksman in the Military Science Course of the University of Vermont. Only forty-two students achieved this rating.

David M. Owen, Jr., '25 is a representative in the Legislature from Ward Nine. He was a football and baseball star at Latin School and later at Harvard. From Harvard, Mr. Owen went to Harvard

Law School.

Eliot Sands '24, son of Mr. Sands of the English Department, graduated from Harvard in '29. He is now connected with the East Cambridge Probation office.

Mr. Faxon's two sons, George and Raymond, both '25, are teachers at Roxbury Memorial and Somerville High Schools, respectively. The latter went to B. U. and the former to Harvard. George Faxon was a Phi Beta Kappa member. He graduated "magna cum laude."

At Brown University, Frederick Bloom was admitted to the Honors Program of study in the English Department. Arthur Cooper was admitted to the Political Science Department; Daniel Blacklow, to the Premedical Science Department.



We will start our Exchange Column this month in a jovial manner by presenting to you Latinites some jokes taken from the well-written "Magnet" from Leominster Mass. High School:

First Scotchman: "Congratulations on your recent marriage. Did you get many presents?"

Second Scotchman: "Oh, yes, many, mostly silver."

First: "What did you get from your father-in-law?"

Second: "A dose of silver polish . . ."

Visitors from London: "Your sky here is much clearer than in London."

N. Y. taxi driver: "Sure, we have skyscrapers here . . ."

A melodramatic villain put his lips to heroine's ear and shrieked: "Hst! Are we alone?" And a man in the gallery yelled: "Yuh ain't tonight, but yuh will

be tomorrow night!"

Carmen Walker of the Roxbury Memorial High School (boys) wrote a choice morsel of poetry concerning Fall River in "The Bostonian":

There was a young girl from Fall River;  
Went out to purchase some liver,  
But she went to a show  
And spent all her dough  
And her parents will never forgive her.

And in conclusion, we give you some observations of "The Regis," Regis High School, New York City, N. Y.

"Life begins at forty (m.p.h.)"

"The only man who is not afraid to climb into the ring with Joe Louis is Arthur Donovan."

"Her face was still her fortune, but it had long since ceased to show interest."

"Nine out of ten girls are generous: where one will keep a secret, nine will give it away."

William A. Shue, '39

# The Seventh Period

Russell Robinson, '39

Flashes: According to Mr. Shea, who certainly should know, Wednesday, February 6, is just about the hundredth school day this term. Upon hearing the statement, a leftist in our midst commented, "Yeah, the Hundred Days' War!" And there was plenty of blood-red liquid spilled during the last four major monthly engagements, too. . . .

Protest: The Kell(e)ys demand a recount! Mr. John J. Kelley of Class II assures us that an "e" one way or another makes no difference, and since there are six "ey's" and five "y's," they should share fourth place with the Connollys! Well . . . what do you think? What would the Gallup Poll decide?—or the Connollys??

Performances: The entertainment program this year is very interesting and promising. The Dramatic Society, again in coöperation with Girls' Latin, will present Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in early April. The Glee Club, which yielded first position to its fellow-artists because of extensive preparation for the March Music Festival, performs its fourth Gilbert and Sullivan light opera-tion, "The Mikado," late in May. From the participants in these productions at least three will be awarded Dramatics Prizes, and things to come. . . . For instance, after his excellent performance of Hamlet last year, "Bill" Goulding was invited to play a summer in the Bennington Stock Company. He accepted, and the valuable experience he gained enabled him to win the leading role in Boston College's coming world première of "Second Spring," due at the Majestic this month. Proving that everything comes to him who acts!

Personalities: Secretary - Treasurer "Bill" Shue, busy collecting Class dues, is certainly gathering honey! He has by

far eclipsed his predecessor's record, for he has gathered in the first week as much as last year's Treasurer garnered in a month.

Believe it or not, the first row in Room 215 has Leon Blum and Arnold Bennett sitting together. . . . Heard *dans le libraire* —Mr. Meyers: "I'm going to Southern Methodist and major in bowling."—Mr. R.: "Yeah, that's right down your alley." Interesting and amazing fact: the velvet curtain on the Assembly Hall stage has been priced all the way from two hundred to two thousand dollars. It cost five thousand. . . .

Answers to last month's questions, which contributed largely to that woe-be-gone Latin School look: (1) Club presidents? There's Flaschner, Literary; Jackson, History; Donlan, Debating; Robinson, Glee; Magazine, Chess and Checker . . . take your pick. (2) Nine different subjects can be taken in a six-year course. (3) There are 16 masters in each of these departments: English, French, Latin, and Math; nine of German and History; five of Physics and Greek; and only four of Science. This month's batch is really horrific! Take a deep breath—here they are (1) How many pictures are there on the Assembly Hall walls? (2) What eminent master retires this June after forty years of service? (3) How many B. L. S. grads did Harvard accept last year?

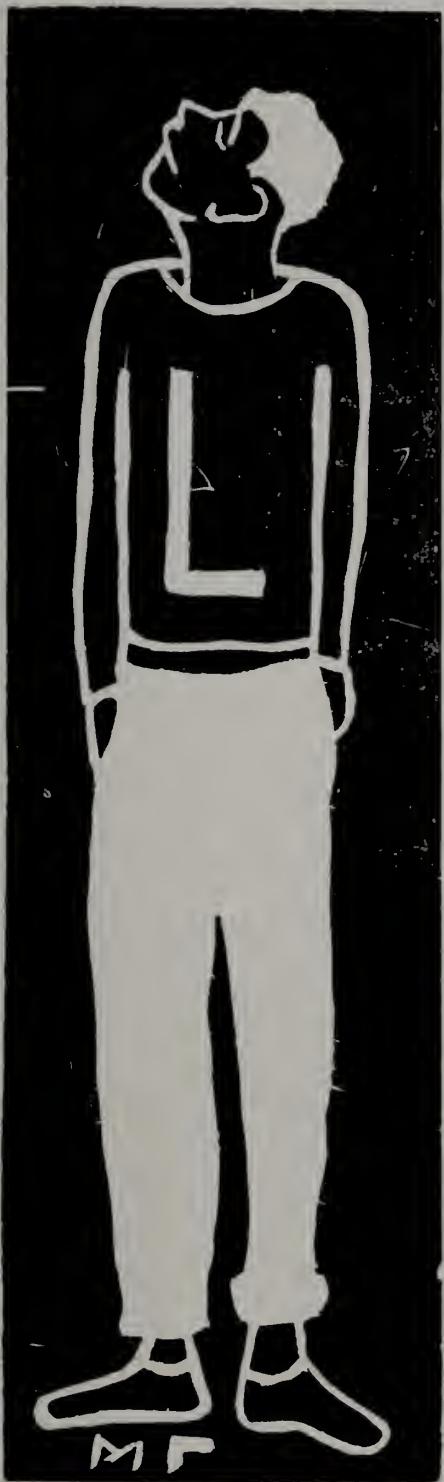
—And to some of you persistent Class Onesters: absolutely *no* hints will be given!

In Mr. Cleary's Latin class the other day—Mr. C.: "Now translate those thirty lines on the board. That's Ovid." Student: "But sir, there's too much Ovid!"

P.S. He was serious. . . . P.P.S. So were the translation marks.



# Purple Parade



## INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

At the annual Interclass Track Meet, Mr. Fitzgerald got his first glimpse of what to expect from his "boardpounders" this season. In general, I would venture to say that the Coach was well pleased with their efforts and has high hopes of a good season.

"Jim" Connolly, Paul Cummings, and Leo Frank stood out. Big "Jim" Connolly won the 1000-yard race by a whole lap. Paul Cummings won both the 50-yard dash and the 300-yard run.

The summary:

### CLASS A

300-yard run—Won by Paul Cummings, '39; second, Walter Donahue, '40. Time—39s.

50-yard dash—Won by Paul Cummings, '39; second, Walter Morris, '41. Time—6.3s.

600-yard run—Won by Joe McVeigh, '39; second, Sumner Calish, '39. Time—1m.29.1s.

1000-yard run—Won by James Connolly, '39; second, Walter Morris, '41. Time—2m.37.8s.

### CLASS B

50-yard hurdles—Won by Chuck Arnestin, '39. Time—7.2s.

50-yard dash—Won by Phil Feldman, '39; second, Paul Hourihan, '39. Time—6.1s.

600-yard run—Won by Harold Drake, '40; second, Joseph Carey, '40. Time—1m.27.2s

300-yard run—Won by Leo Frank, '39; second, Phil Feldman, '39. Time—38.3s.

### CLASS C

50-yard hurdles—Won by James Roche, '41. Time—7.8s.

50-yard dash—Won by Bill Connolly, '41;

second, Harry Clark, '39. Time—6s.  
220-yard run—Won by Harry Clark;  
second, John Fitzgerald, '39. Time—  
27.4s.  
440-yard run—Won by Bill Ellis, '40;  
second, Colton Hutchins, '39. Time—  
58s.

#### CLASS D

50-yard hurdles—Won by Joe Smith, '41;  
second, Al Villa, '41. Time—8.8s.  
50-yard dash—Won by Irving Conner,  
'41; second, Jack Shea, '41. Time—  
6.8s.  
176-yard run—Won by Bill Gould, '41;  
second, Milt Wolfsen, '42. Time—  
23.7s.  
220-yard run—Won by Jack Shea, '41;  
second, Stan Clifford, '42. Time—28s.

*John X. Foley, '39*

#### LATIN TRACKSTERS BOW TO MEMORIAL

The Big Green of Roxbury Memorial proved too strong for our tracksters in their initial meet. Latin seemed to have its greatest weakness in Class A. Although Connolly won the "1000" with ease, and "Ed" Bryant and "Joe" McVeigh took the first two places in the "600", we lacked the necessary number of competitors in the other events to give us a winning margin.

Class B proved to be a little more strong, especially in the "300," where we took the first three places: Frank, Hourihan, and Feldman. Drake waited too long in his "600" before making his "kick." If he had not stayed so far behind the leaders, he would surely have won the race, judging by what he had left. The relay in this division proved to be one of the best races of the day. Latin was just barely nosed

out as Memorial won in the fast time of one minute and twenty-four seconds, which was faster than that of Class A.

Class C produced three stellar performers in "Bill" Ellis, Harry Clark and "Bill" Connolly. Ellis ran the "440" in near record time, in this his first meet, and should make a serious assault upon the record before the season is over. Harry Clark had little trouble in his "220" and showed that he is to be a steady point-winner in this race. "Bill," (the Red) Connolly won his specialty, the "50," in six seconds flat.

Some of the races in Class D proved a bit confusing, but Beiman in the "220" showed he had more than enough to win.

#### TRIANGULAR MEET

Memorial, with their strongest track team in years, overcame Latin and Commerce in their annual Tri meet at the 101st Armory. The final points were as follows:

Memorial	162½
Latin	115
Commerce	76½

#### LATIN DOWNS MEMORIAL, 1-0

Boston Arena, Jan. 6—Before a fairly large crowd at the Arena, High School hockey in Boston, which has slumbered for the past six years, was resumed again. This renewal was received with great enthusiasm by the fans.

The Purple's lone score was produced by "Red" Radley, Latin's chubby center. Immediately after the face-off, "Red" got control of the disc, drove his way through practically the entire Memorial team, and slammed a sizzling shot through

goalie Bohn's spread legs. This goal took only about twenty seconds and was the only score of the thirty minutes of hard playing.

Time and time again, the Memorial team tried to force its way through Latin's defence, but the snappy work of "Tom" Higgins and "Bunny" Rowen on the defence proved their undoing. "Tom" Dolan, Latin's sophomore goal-tender, was largely instrumental in keeping the Memorial team from scoring. In the second period, he made a brilliant save of a long shot by Sullivan of Memorial, and more than once he was forced to get to his knees to make spectacular saves.

The team as a unit looked very good. Mr. Fitzgerald, although not a hockey player himself, has done a wonderful, yet not surprising job, with his charges.

Latin received only two penalties: Radley for a board check and Rowen for an illegal check.

The starting line-up:

LATIN	MEMORIAL
Dolan .....	G ..... Bohn
Rowen .....	RD ..... Szum
Higgins .....	LD ..... Clarke
Radley .....	C ..... Scott
Cullen .....	RW ..... Sullivan
Mulhern .....	LW ..... Landry

Time: three ten-minute periods.

*Jack Foley, '39*

#### LATIN SEXTET TRIUMPHS

In a game smacking of the action of a breath-taking movie sports scenario and tastily spiced with a sprig of Frank Merriwell climax, anti-climax, and tingling excitement, the purple of Boston Latin, with less than a minute to play in the final period, swept over the ammonia-piped Arena ice oval to swish the Com-

merce nets for a worthy 2-1 victory.

Although loyal supporters of both contingents were few in number, it was evident throughout the contest that they were expecting their money's worth. And did they get it!

Great was the tumult and turbulence when, with the score deadlocked at 1-all for more than two-and-a-half periods, Latin's brilliant wingman, "Red" Radley, corralled teammate "Art" Lawson's well-timed assist and tucked the rubber disc neatly into the Commerce net for the narrow margin of victory just as the timer's watch ticked off the final seconds. The triumph marked the second win for Latin over inter-city opponents in two games.

At the outset both teams came on the ice rather sluggishly, and both appeared satisfied with more or less defensive play; but, with the game nearly six minutes old, Cullen, Latin wingman, snapped the puck past the guarding pads of the Commerce goaltender, thus disrupting the policy of "watchful waiting."

Later, in the fleeting moments of the same period, Commerce launched a concerted drive, which was rewarded at 9 mins. 46s. with a tally which knotted the score.

Then Radley came through with his last-minute score to give us the win 2-1.

Brennan, Latin goalie, is to be commended for his many brilliant saves throughout the entire game.

The lineup:

Mulhern, c  
Cullen, rw  
Lawson, lw  
Higgins, ld  
Radley, rd  
Brennan, g

*Jack Foley, '39*

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Speaking of showers, Ernie Nedvins certainly could have used one after the Memorial hockey game. Was his face dirty! . . . Our relay team failed to win in the Northeastern meet, but they won the hearts of several feminine admirers who sat behind them. Harry Keefe's whiffle really thrilled them. . . . Another wounded warrior of our athletic forces is "Art" Brennan, goaler for the hockey team. During a recent scrimmage, a team-mate accidentally back-handed the puck from a short distance at "Art," blackened his eye, and broke his nose. . . . Fred Beyer, the ex-Latin 1000-yard man and the brother of our star halfback "Bobby" Beyer, was sitting with our track team at the Northeastern meet. He encouraged all the boys, but it seems as if his exhortation wasn't sufficient for our lads. . . . There are many football players, who have turned their attentions to the other extra-curricula activities. Of this group there are eight, who skate under the colors of purple and white; these men comprise the backbone of our fine team. . . . At this point in my article, I would like to encourage any boy with talent to try out for the field events on the track team; for this department appears to be the weakest part

of our track team. . . . Just before we took the ice to play Commerce, Coach Fitzgerald told the hockey team that they should elect a leader for this current campaign; then he left. "Don" Foley took charge of this spirited election and when the votes were tabulated, "Bob" "Red" Radley was elected captain. . . . The tennis club met recently, but they decided that the condition of the weather was a trifle unfavorable at present. . . . "Bill" Riley, Latin star of '38, is the running mate of John Ballantine, English star of '38, at B. C. They run together on the frosh relay team, which has very bright prospects. . . . Although the hockey team is unbeaten in its league, it has not fared quite so well in outside engagements. On New Year's Day, the Alumni defeated us three to two in a closely contested game. This loss was followed by a second overtime defeat "pinned" on us by Roxbury Latin. We avenged ourselves lately by beating the Angel Guardian sextet four to two. . . . In closing, I would like to say that you fellows are not supporting the hockey team. Up until now there has been a very small Latin School crowd at these games. Tickets are purchased in room 120 up until noon time of the day of the game, we'll see you there.

*Harry O'Hare, '39*

---

## ANSWERS

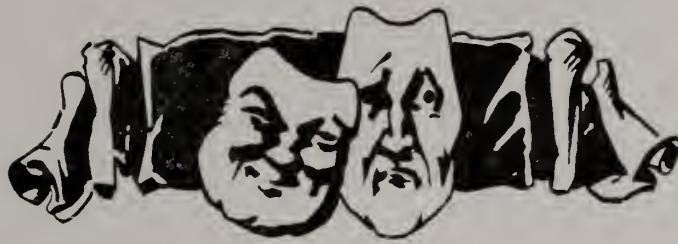
- 1—21
- 2—Civil War
- 3—\$168
- 4—29
- 5—1844
- 6—38
- 7—Jello
- 8—4
- 9—10
- 10—Cheever

## MARKING TABLE

- 100—Summa cum laude
- 90—Magna cum laude
- 80—Cum laude
- 70—Parva cum laude
- 60—Parvula cum laude
- 50—Cum fortuna
- 40—Cum lacrimis
- 30—Cum ignorantia
- 20—Magna cum ignorantia
- 10—Summa cum ignorantia
- 0—Cavum caput!

*Henry Aronson, '39*

# LET'S CALL IT



## QUIPS

Greek shark in library, looking at statue  
of Venus de Milo :

"Boys, when those Greeks say disarm,  
they mean disarm."

—*Boys' Life.*

Mary had a little lamp,  
She filled it with Benzine.  
She went to light her little lamp,  
And hasn't since benzine.  
—*American Boy.*

Fond mother: "May I see Bill Jones,  
please, I'm his mother."

Mr. Winslow: "You just missed him.  
He's gone to your funeral."

—*Boys' Life.*

"I am going to make my farewell tour  
of Shakespeare. What shall I do?  
Macbeth or Hamlet?"

"This is your sixth farewell tour, I be-  
lieve."

"Well, yes."

"I suggest 'Much Adieu about Noth-  
ing.'"

—*Boys' Life.*

### HE GACHT IT HACHT

A pupil, when asked to spell "Yacht,"

Most saucily said: "I will nacht:"

So a senior in wrath took a section of  
lath

And warmed him up on the spacht.

—*Boys' Life.*

Quips Contributor: "Has the editor got  
my joke yet?"

Donlan: "Not yet, but I'm trying  
hard."

—*American Boy.*

Senior: "What would you advise me  
to read after graduation?"

Professor: "The 'HELP WANTED'  
COLUMN."

Prof. "Robert Burns wrote 'To a Field  
Mouse.' "

Voice (from the rear of the room):  
"Did he get an answer?"

Conductor: "Change at Andrew  
Square."

Sixth Classman: "You can't put any-  
thing over on me; I want my change  
now."

Third Classman: "Friends, Romans  
and countrymen, lend me your ears. I  
come to borrow Caesar, not to praise  
him."

Teacher: "What's a Grecian urn?"

Pupil: "Not very much, sir."

Teacher: "Jones, what are those quo-  
tation marks around your answer for?"

Jones: "I thought I should give the  
fellow that sits beside me a little credit."

### TOO L-8

There was a lad named Willie T-8  
Who loved a lass named Annie K-8,  
He asked her if she'd be his M-8  
But K-8 said W-8.

His love for her was very gr-8,  
He told her it was hard to W-8,  
And begged at once to know his F-8,  
But K-8 said W-8.

Then for some time he grew sed-8  
But soon he hit a faster G-8,  
And for another girl went str-8.  
Now K-8 can W-8.

*Monsonia*, Monson, Mass.

### COLLEGIATE ENGLISH

To their volume entitled "Knox College Definitions," students at Galesburg, Ill., added these after midyear exams:

"Jackets, a long-eared horse-like animal; Kinetic, a state; atoms, a second president of the U. S.; Paddle, to sell in the street; Misue, daughter of Madame X; senor, noise that one makes while sleeping; epistle, a gangster's weapon.—*Kaglegram*.

### FOR THE DRAMATIC CLUB

It was the end of the scene, and the heroine was starving.

"Bread!" she cried. "Give me bread!"  
And the curtain came down with a roll.

Frosh: A fellow just told me I look like you."

Soph: "Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."

Frosh: "I already killed him."

Captain to his company: "About the only thing that you guys use your heads for is to hold your ears apart."

Frosh: "Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe.' "

Soph: "I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote 'A Tale of Two Cities.'

### IN THE PHYSICS CLASS

Mr. W.: "How would you measure the height of a tower, by the means of a barometer?"

Budding Physicist: "I'd lower the barometer on the end of a rope and measure the length of the rope."

My bonnie looked into the gas tank,

The height of the contents to see;  
She lit a small match to assist her—

Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

### ADVICE TO THE FROSH

"Don't use floor oil for hair tonic just because the label says "Good for Wood-work."

Teacher: "Brown, tell me what you know about the age of Elizabeth."

Brown (on Monday morning): "She'll be sixteen next week."

### ADVICE TO ALL SENIORS

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

And they lived happily ever after.

Say, that was a pretty good bunch of jokes we had in the last issue. I threw them into the stove and the fire roared.

---

*Sum'n'er Borofsky and Greenfield '39—*

Ed. Note: It seems we spelled Sumner with a "m" last month. Pardon us.

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